



THE WALKING DEAD

28

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KIRKMAN • ADLARD • RATHBURN

IMAGE COMICS PRESENTS

THE WALKING

DEAD™

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CLIFF RATHBURN

Gray Tones, Cover Colors, Back Cover

RUS WOOTON

Letterer

Previously:

After following the trail of a crashed helicopter Rick, Glenn and Michonne stumbled into the small town of Woodbury, Georgia. Woodbury is a well fortified encampment of survivors, who use zombies for entertainment. All was well until the leader of Woodbury, known as "The Governor" informed Rick and crew that they would be fed to the zombies...

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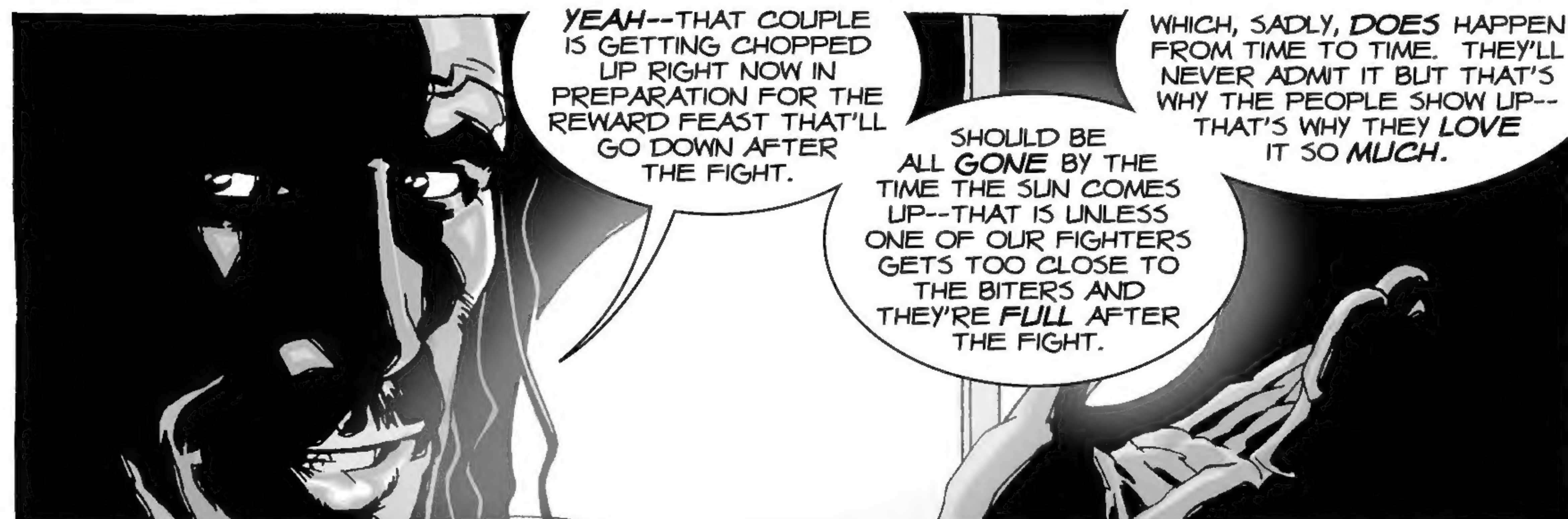
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SO THAT'S IT
THEN? YOU'RE
GOING TO FEED
US TO YOUR PET
ZOMBIES?

IS THAT
WHAT YOU
DID WITH THE
PEOPLE IN THE
HELICOPTER?



YEAH--THAT COUPLE
IS GETTING CHOPPED
UP RIGHT NOW IN
PREPARATION FOR THE
REWARD FEAST THAT'LL
GO DOWN AFTER
THE FIGHT.

SHOULD BE
ALL GONE BY THE
TIME THE SUN COMES
UP--THAT IS UNLESS
ONE OF OUR FIGHTERS
GETS TOO CLOSE TO
THE BITERS AND
THEY'RE FULL AFTER
THE FIGHT.

WHICH, SADLY, DOES HAPPEN
FROM TIME TO TIME. THEY'LL
NEVER ADMIT IT BUT THAT'S
WHY THE PEOPLE SHOW UP--
THAT'S WHY THEY LOVE
IT SO MUCH.



YOU SICK
FUCK!



KINDLY
SHUT THE
FUCK UP,
SISTER.

IT MIGHT BE
DIFFICULT WITH
YOUR TWO ARMORED
ESCORTS BUT I'M
CERTAIN WE COULD
GET A COUPLE
BULLETS IN YOU WITH
NO TROUBLE AT ALL.

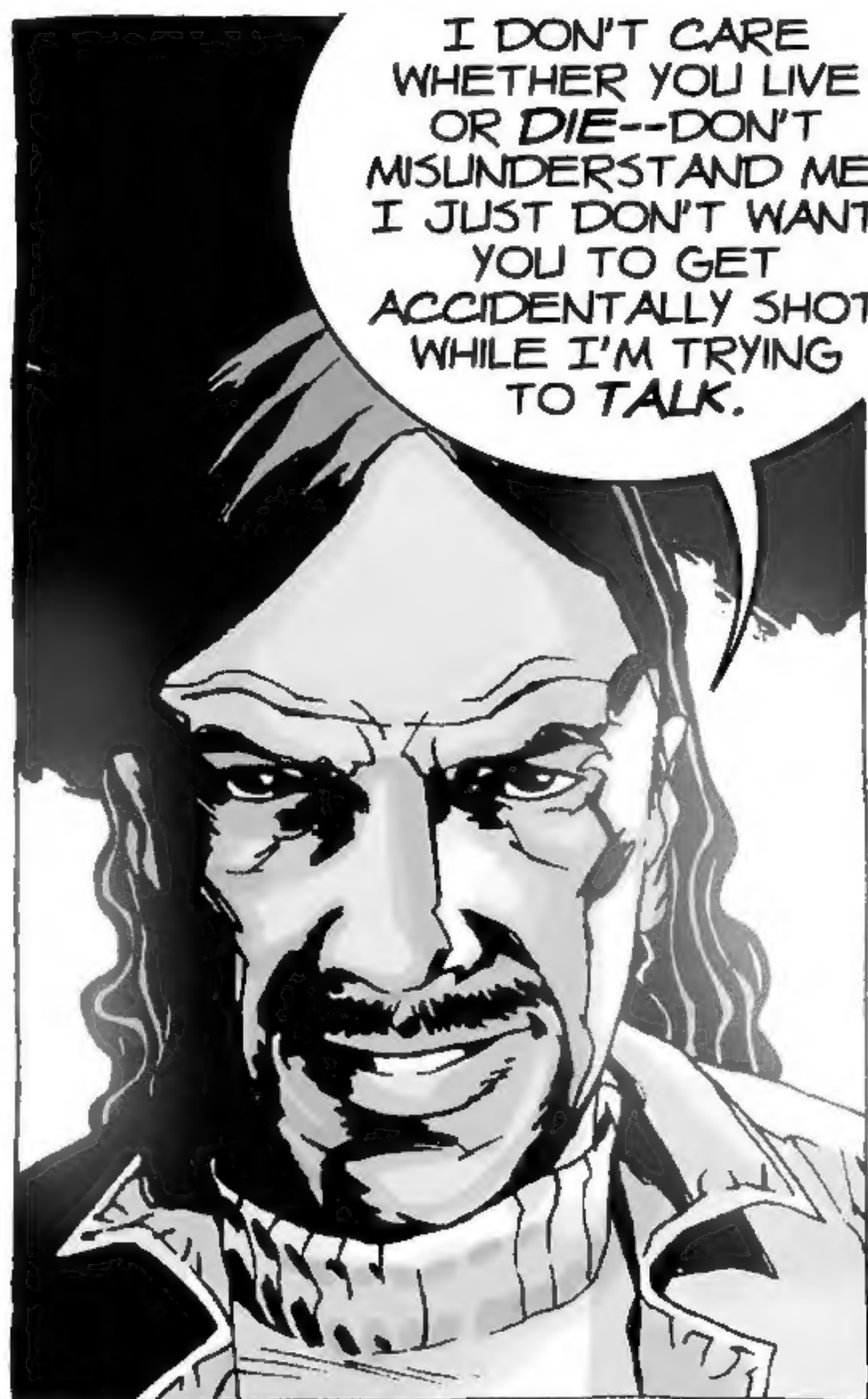


IN FACT--
CAN WE JUST GET
SOMETHING OUT
OF THE WAY?
PLEASE.

I THINK
IT'LL MAKE
THINGS AT LEAST
A TAD LESS
TENSE.

CAN WE JUST ALL COME
TO THE UNDERSTANDING
THAT **WE'VE** GOT ALL
THE GUNS--AND IF YOU
STRUGGLE OR TRY TO
LEAVE THIS ROOM MY
GUARDS WILL KILL
YOU WHERE YOU
STAND?

CAN
YOU JUST
ACKNOWLEDGE
THAT YOU
REALIZE
THAT?



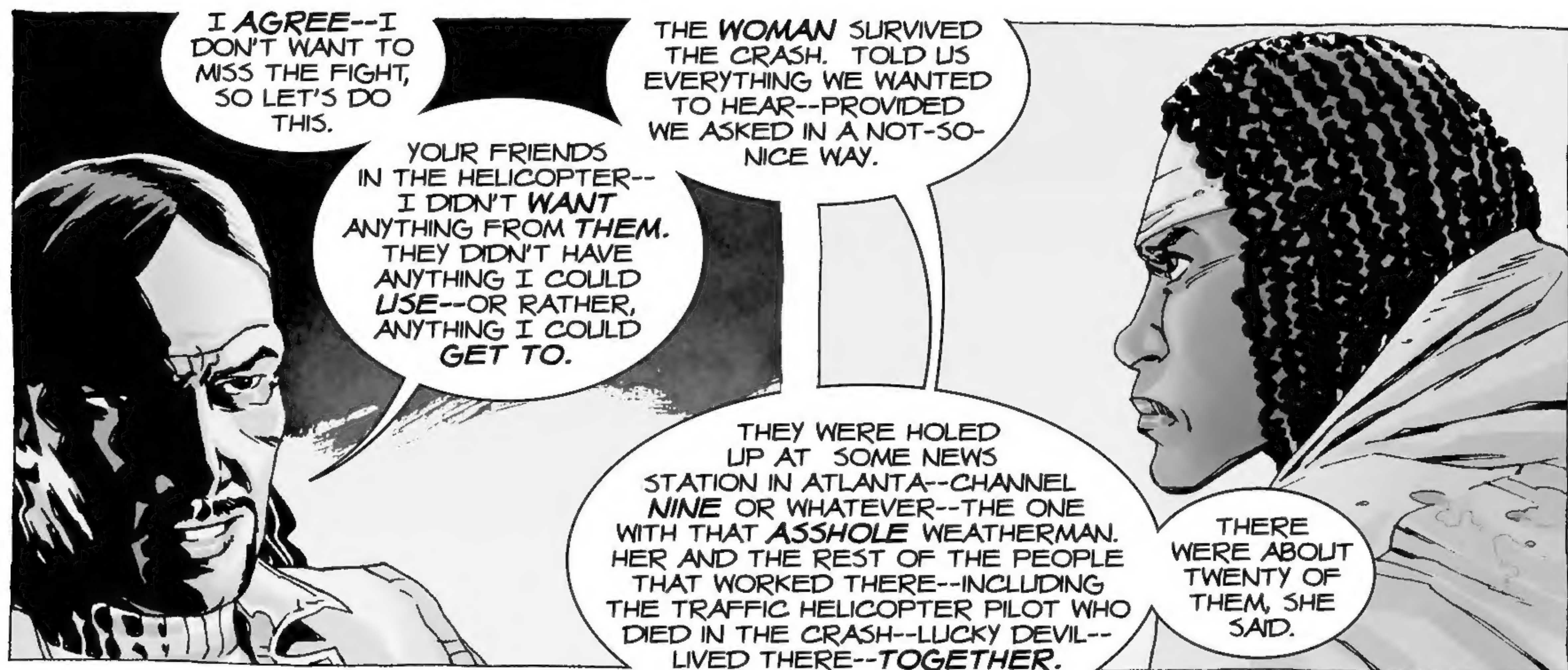
I DON'T CARE
WHETHER YOU LIVE
OR **DIE**--DON'T
MISUNDERSTAND ME.
I JUST DON'T WANT
YOU TO GET
ACCIDENTALLY SHOT
WHILE I'M TRYING
TO TALK.



I HATE
GETTING
INTERRUPTED.

YOU'VE GOT
US OVER A
BARREL--YOU
WANT TO TALK--
TALK.

JUST
GET IT
OVER
WITH.



I AGREE--I DON'T WANT TO MISS THE FIGHT, SO LET'S DO THIS.

YOUR FRIENDS IN THE HELICOPTER-- I DIDN'T WANT ANYTHING FROM THEM. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING I COULD USE--OR RATHER, ANYTHING I COULD GET TO.

THE WOMAN SURVIVED THE CRASH. TOLD US EVERYTHING WE WANTED TO HEAR--PROVIDED WE ASKED IN A NOT-SO-NICE WAY.

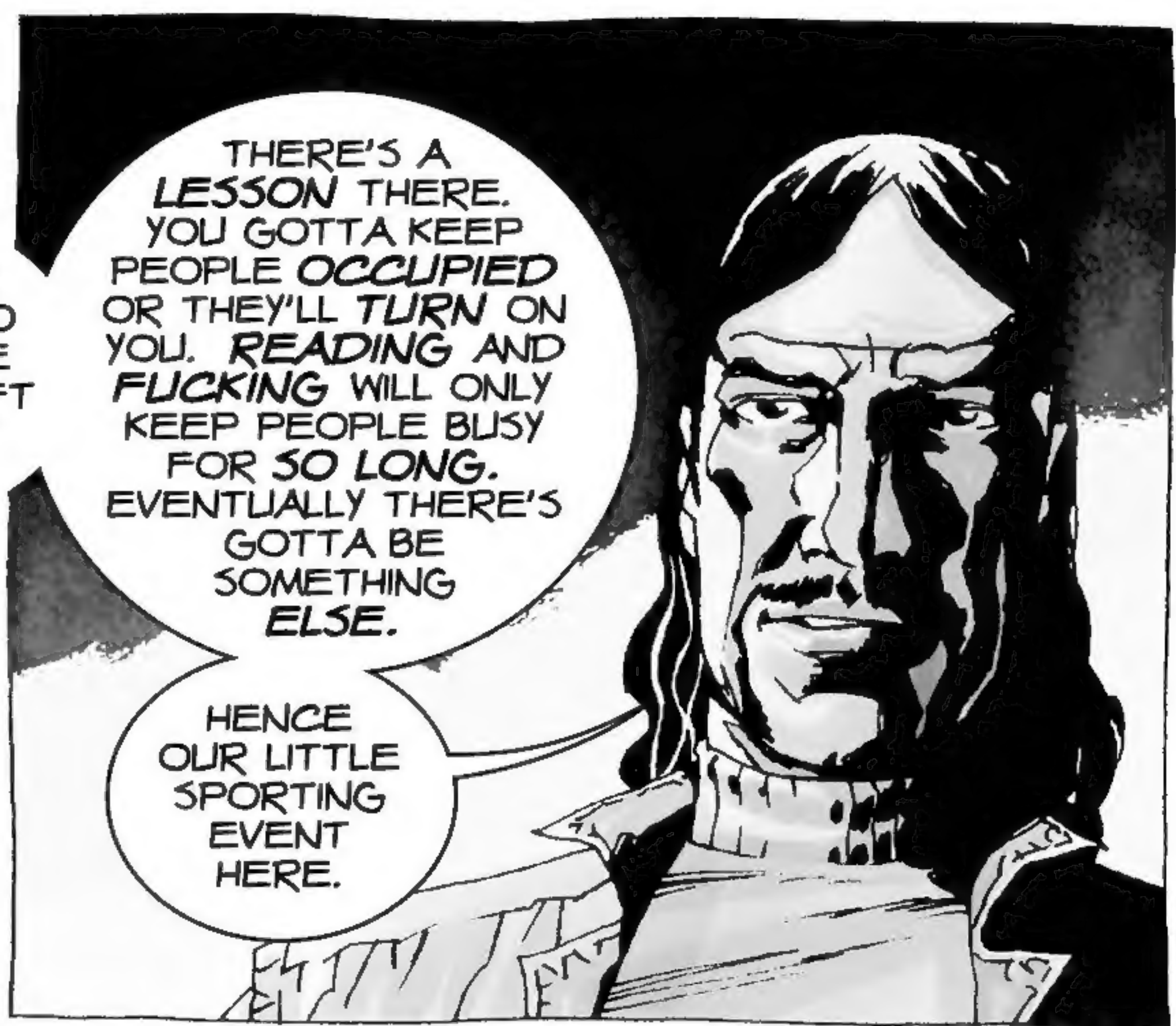
THEY WERE HOLED UP AT SOME NEWS STATION IN ATLANTA--CHANNEL NINE OR WHATEVER--THE ONE WITH THAT ASSHOLE WEATHERMAN. HER AND THE REST OF THE PEOPLE THAT WORKED THERE--INCLUDING THE TRAFFIC HELICOPTER PILOT WHO DIED IN THE CRASH--LUCKY DEVIL--LIVED THERE--TOGETHER.

THERE WERE ABOUT TWENTY OF THEM, SHE SAID.



THEY TURNED ON EACH OTHER--RAN OUT OF FOOD--SOMETHING--STARTING KILLING EACH OTHER. OUR LADY AND THE PILOT GOT OUT--BUT SOME SICK FLICK SABOTAGED THE HELICOPTER'S ENGINE.

SEEMS HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE NOBODY LEFT WITHOUT HIM.



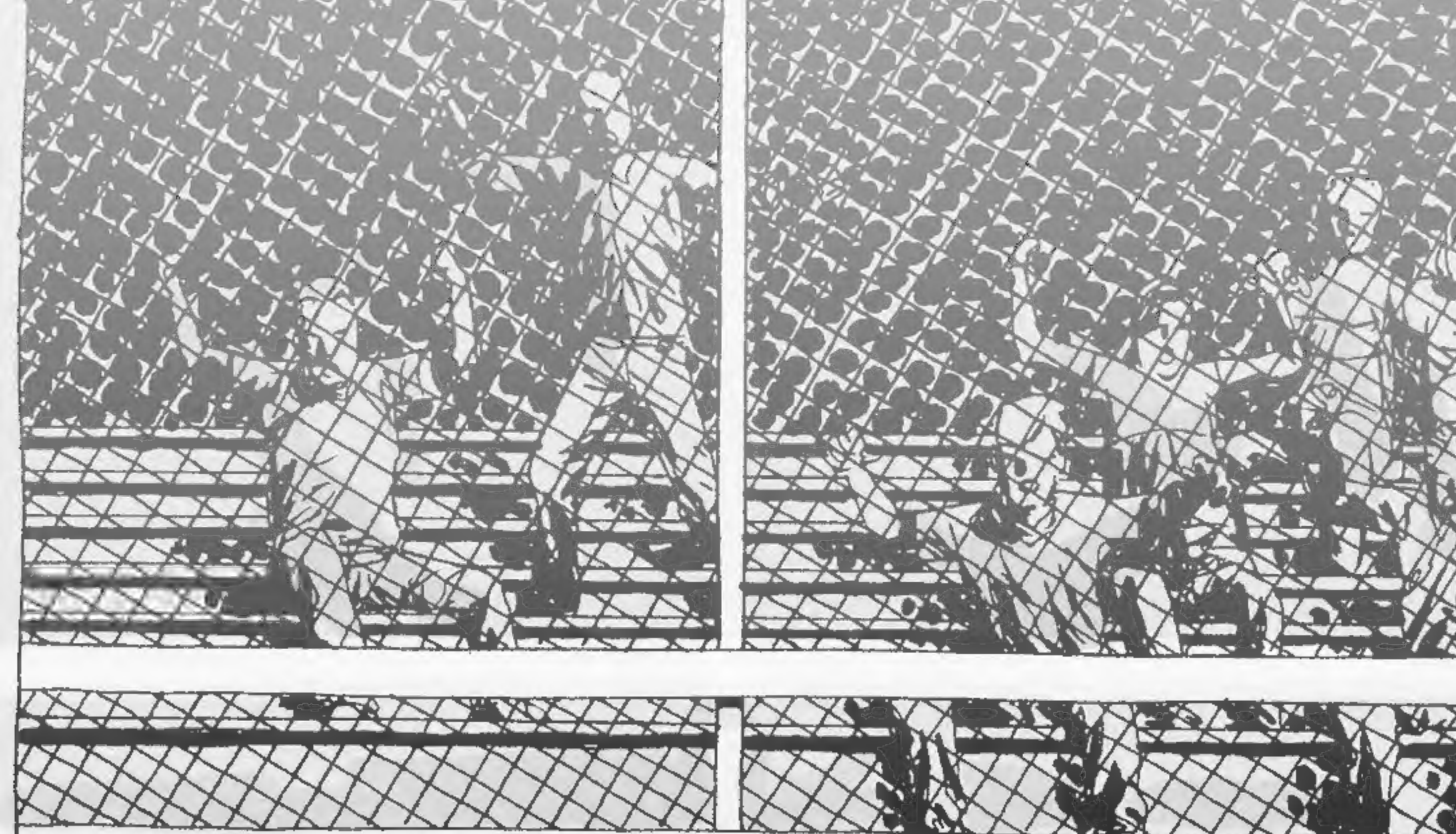
THERE'S A LESSON THERE. YOU GOTTA KEEP PEOPLE OCCUPIED OR THEY'LL TURN ON YOU. READING AND FUCKING WILL ONLY KEEP PEOPLE BUSY FOR SO LONG. EVENTUALLY THERE'S GOTTA BE SOMETHING ELSE.

HENCE OUR LITTLE SPORTING EVENT HERE.



BUT ENOUGH ABOUT THAT--FOR NOW. THERE'RE PLENTY OF THINGS I'D LIKE TO HAVE IN THAT BUILDING--THE CHANNEL NINE BUILDING... BUT IN THE CENTER OF ATLANTA--BITERVILLE--AIN'T NO WAY I'M GOING TO GET TO IT.

SO THEY GET FED TO THE BITERS. I MEAN, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA BE--WHY NOT THEM?



WE BETTER
WRAP THIS
UP **QUICK**--
THE FIGHT'S
STARTING.

WHERE
WAS I?



AH, YES. YOUR
FRIENDS IN THE
HELICOPTER WERE
OF NO **USE** TO ME.
SO THEY GOT FED
TO THE BITERS.
YOU ON THE OTHER
HAND--I THINK I
CAN **USE**
YOU.



YOU **WALKED** HERE.
THAT MEANS THAT
WHEREVER YOU CAME
FROM IS REASONABLY
CLOSE TO
HERE.



THAT'S RIGHT,
SISTER--I DIDN'T
BELIEVE A **WORD**
OF YOUR STORY.
OBVIOUSLY, YOU
WERE **RIGHT** NOT
TO TRUST ME BUT
I SAW THROUGH
YOUR STORY
IMMEDIATELY.



I KNOW YOUR STORY
WAS **BULLSHIT**. YOU'VE
JUST BEEN **WALKING**
AROUND OUT
THERE ALL THIS
TIME?



NOT
FUCKING
LIKELY.



NO, YOU'RE CLOSE
BY HERE--SOMEWHERE--
A WAREHOUSE--A
SCHOOL--A FARM. I'LL
ADMIT, I DON'T KNOW
THE AREA ALL THAT
WELL. I'M NOT
FROM HERE.



LOOKS TO ME
LIKE YOUR LIVING
SITUATION IS
FINE--WHAT
WOULD YOU EVEN
WANT FROM
US?

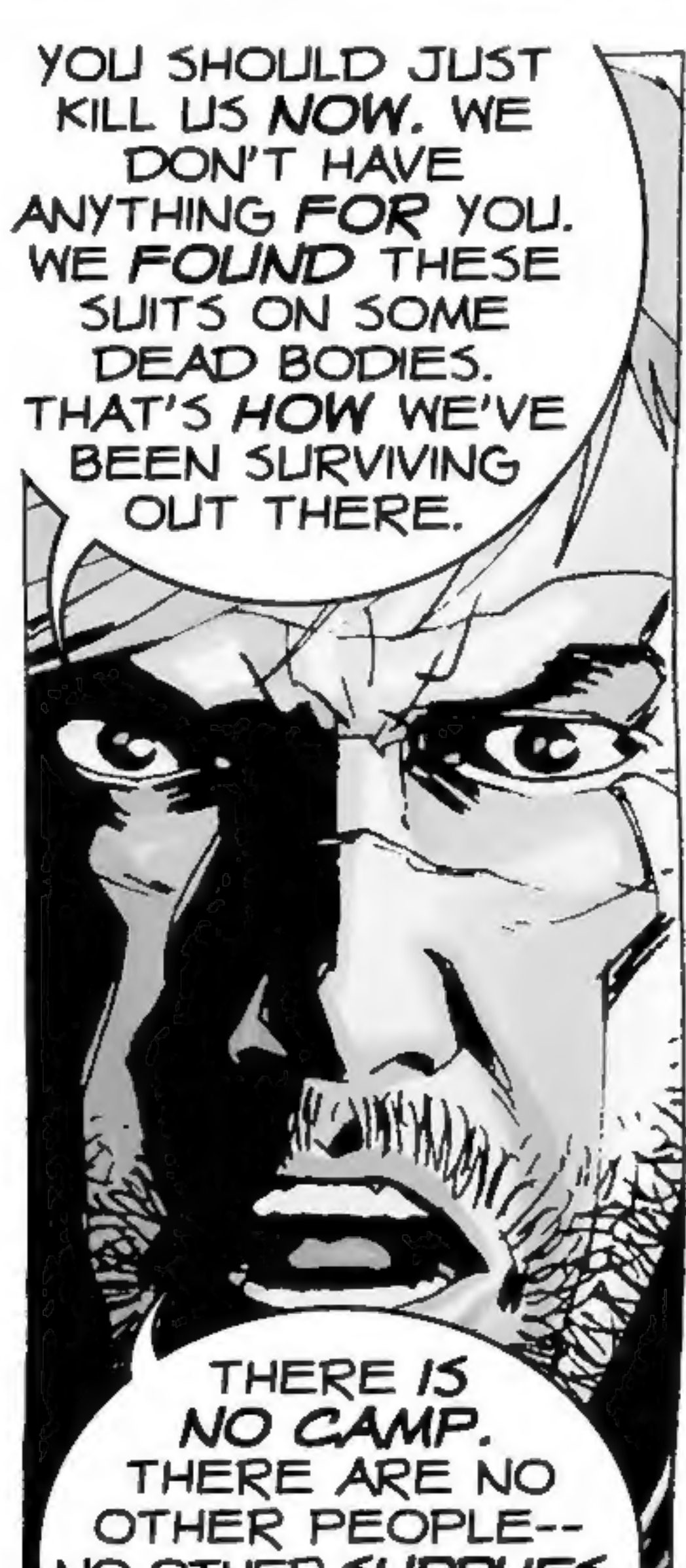
BUT
I'M NOT
STUPID.

EVERY-
THING.



YOUR GUNS, YOUR
FOOD, BULLETS,
VEHICLES, TOOLS,
OTHER WEAPONS...
THOSE **SUITS**--
ALL KINDS OF
THINGS.

I MEAN--
DO YOU EXPECT
ME TO BELIEVE
YOU JUST FOUND
THOSE **SUITS**
DURING YOUR
TRAVELS?

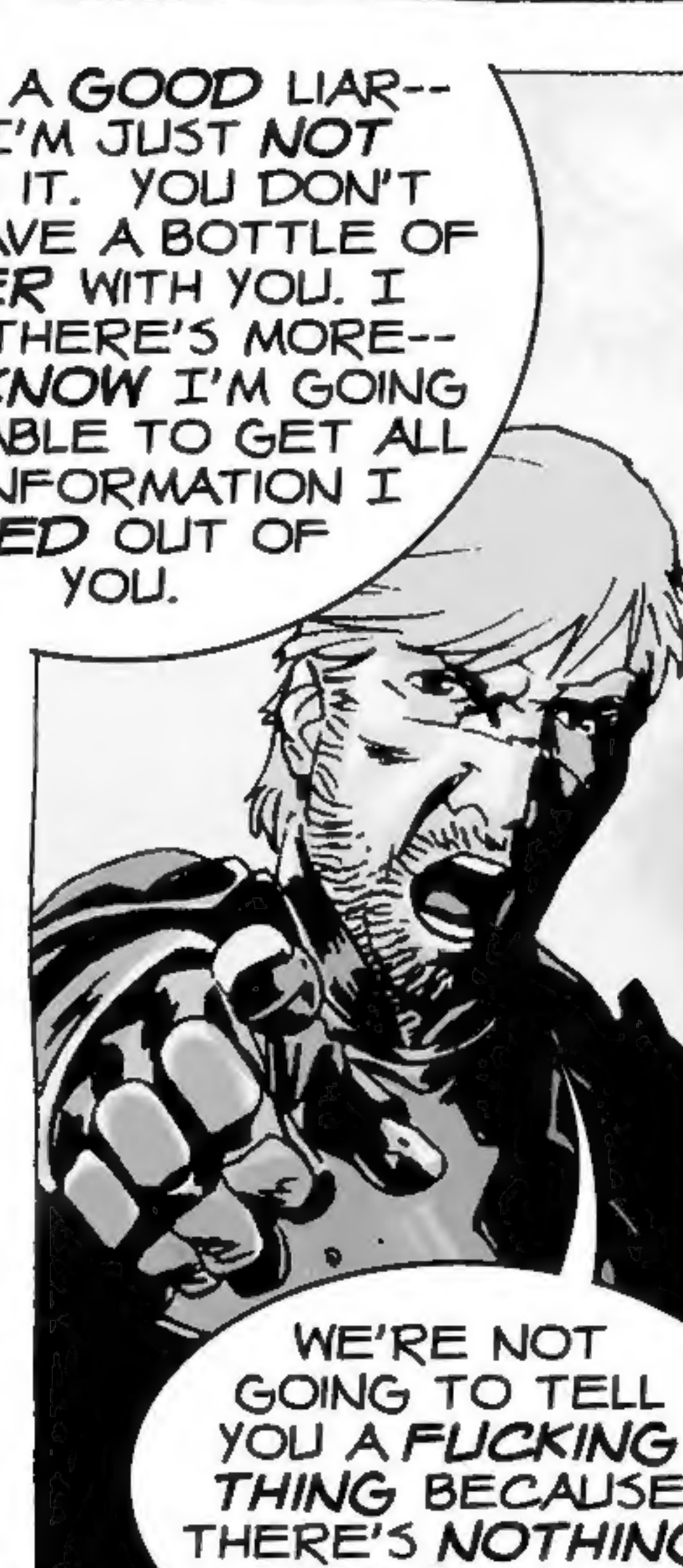


YOU SHOULD JUST
KILL US **NOW**. WE
DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING FOR YOU.
WE FOUND THESE
SUITS ON SOME
DEAD BODIES.
THAT'S **HOW** WE'VE
BEEN SURVIVING
OUT THERE.

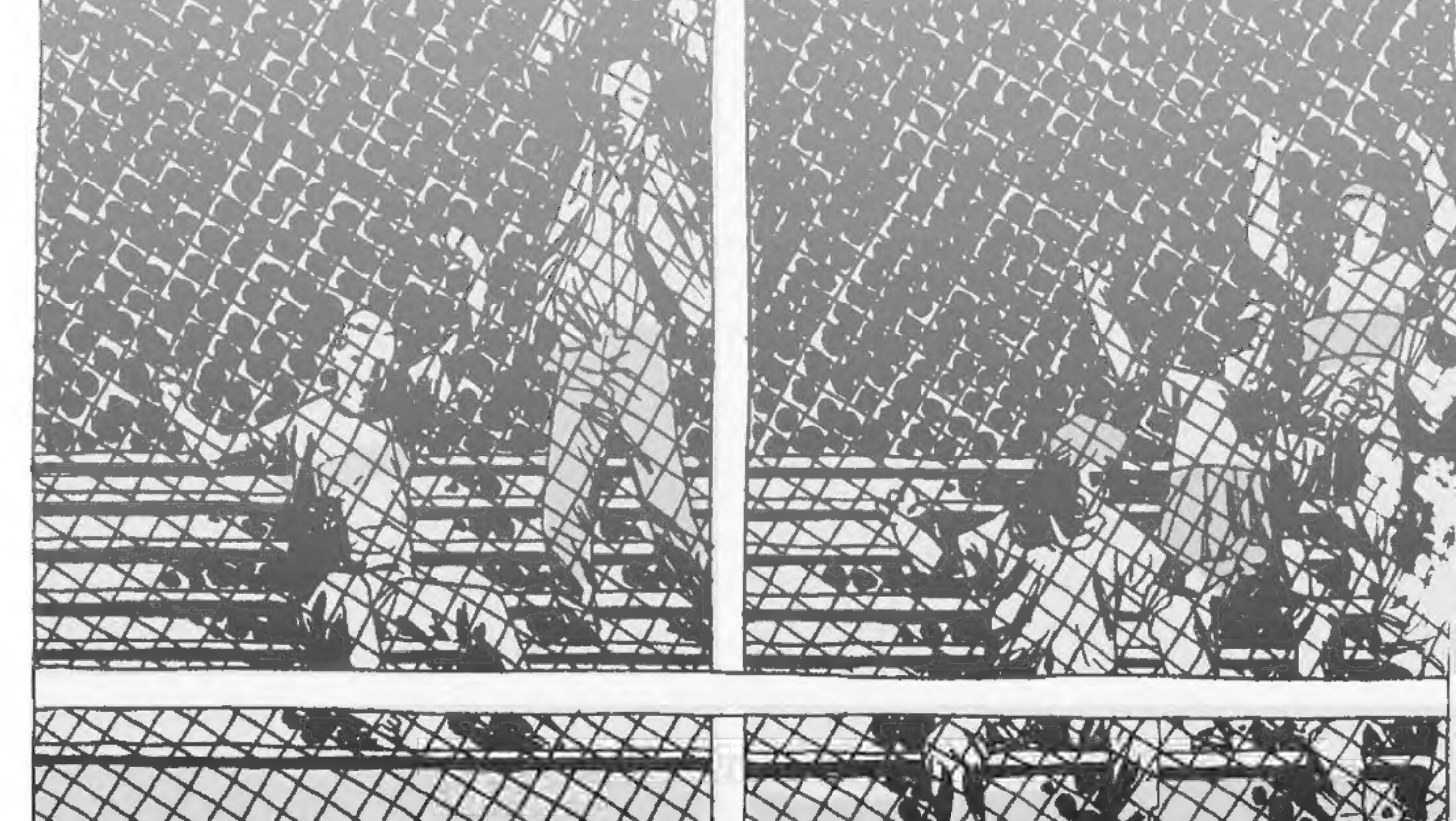
THERE IS
NO CAMP.
THERE ARE NO
OTHER PEOPLE--
NO OTHER **SUPPLIES**.



YOU'RE A **GOOD LIAR**--
BUT I'M JUST NOT
BUYING IT. YOU DON'T
EVEN HAVE A BOTTLE OF
WATER WITH YOU. I
KNOW THERE'S MORE--
AND I KNOW I'M GOING
TO BE ABLE TO GET ALL
THE INFORMATION I
NEED OUT OF
YOU.



WE'RE NOT
GOING TO TELL
YOU A **FUCKING**
THING BECAUSE
THERE'S **NOTHING**
TO TELL.

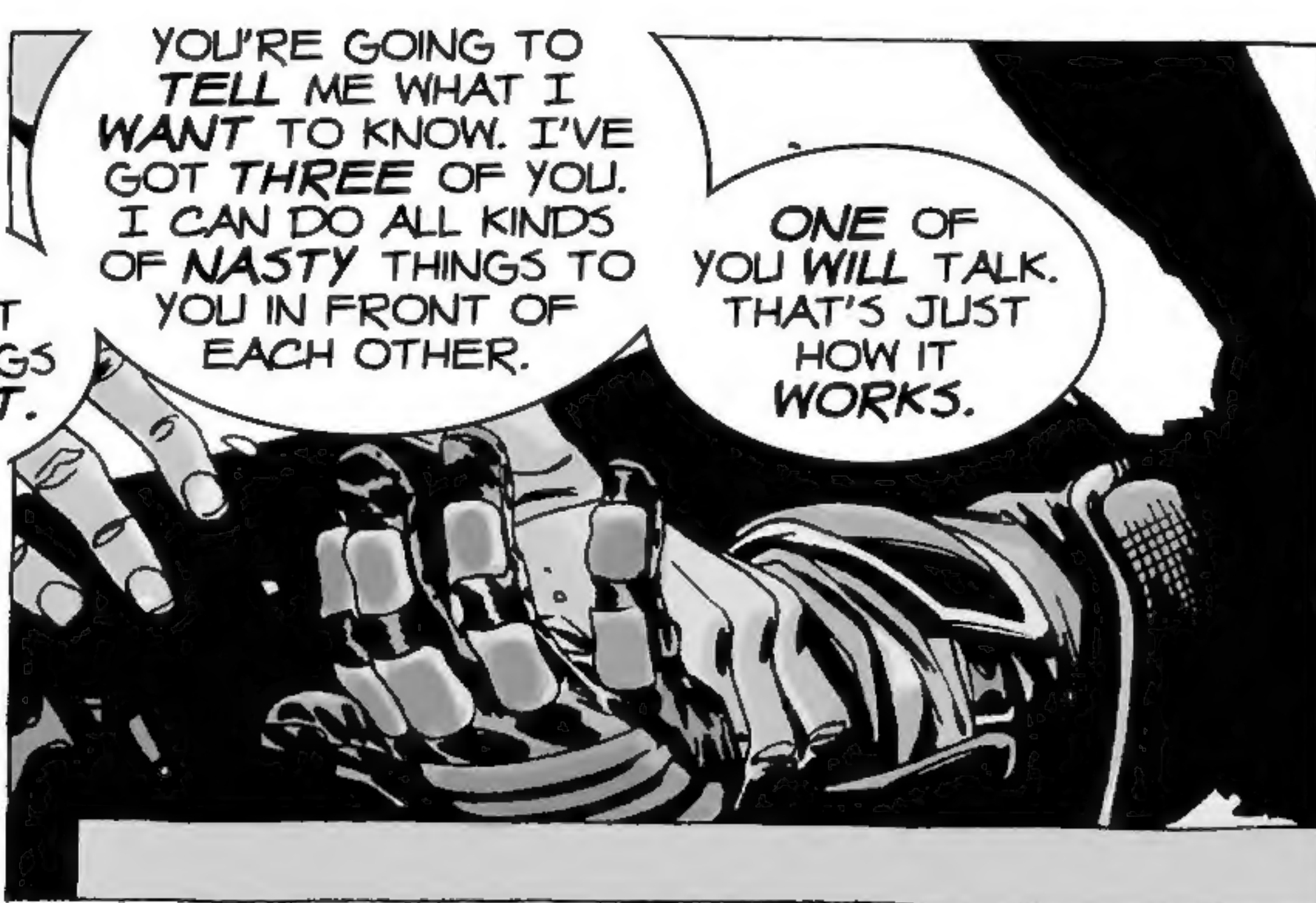






BRUCE IS
REALLY STRONG,
SO RESISTING IS
JUST A WASTE
OF TIME.

NOW--
LET'S GET
SOME THINGS
STRAIGHT.



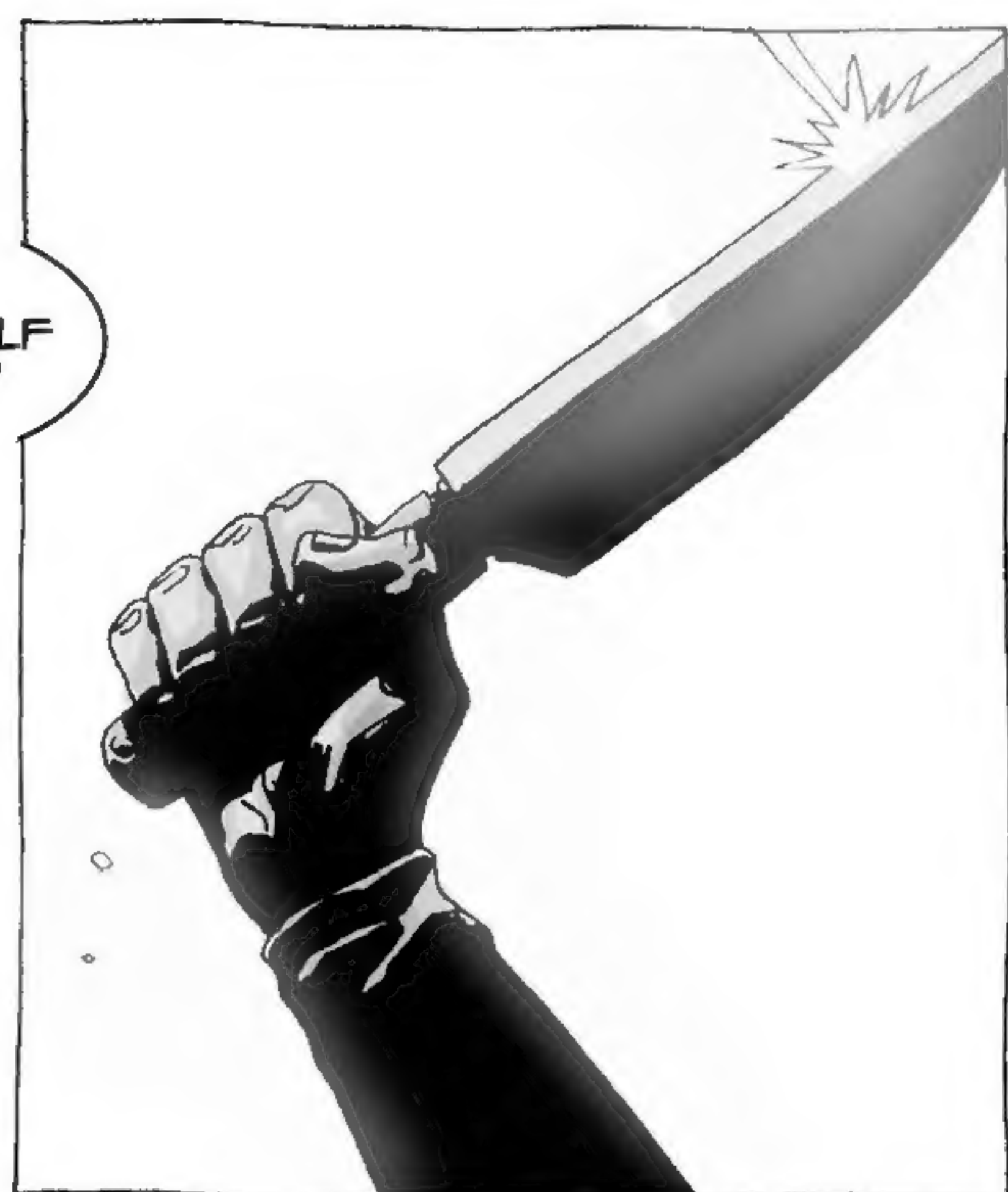
YOU'RE GOING TO
TELL ME WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW. I'VE
GOT **THREE** OF YOU.
I CAN DO ALL KINDS
OF **NASTY** THINGS TO
YOU IN FRONT OF
EACH OTHER.

ONE OF
YOU **WILL** TALK.
THAT'S JUST
HOW IT
WORKS.



I WILL **GET** WHAT
I WANT. THERE IS
NOTHING YOU CAN
DO TO PREVENT
THAT.

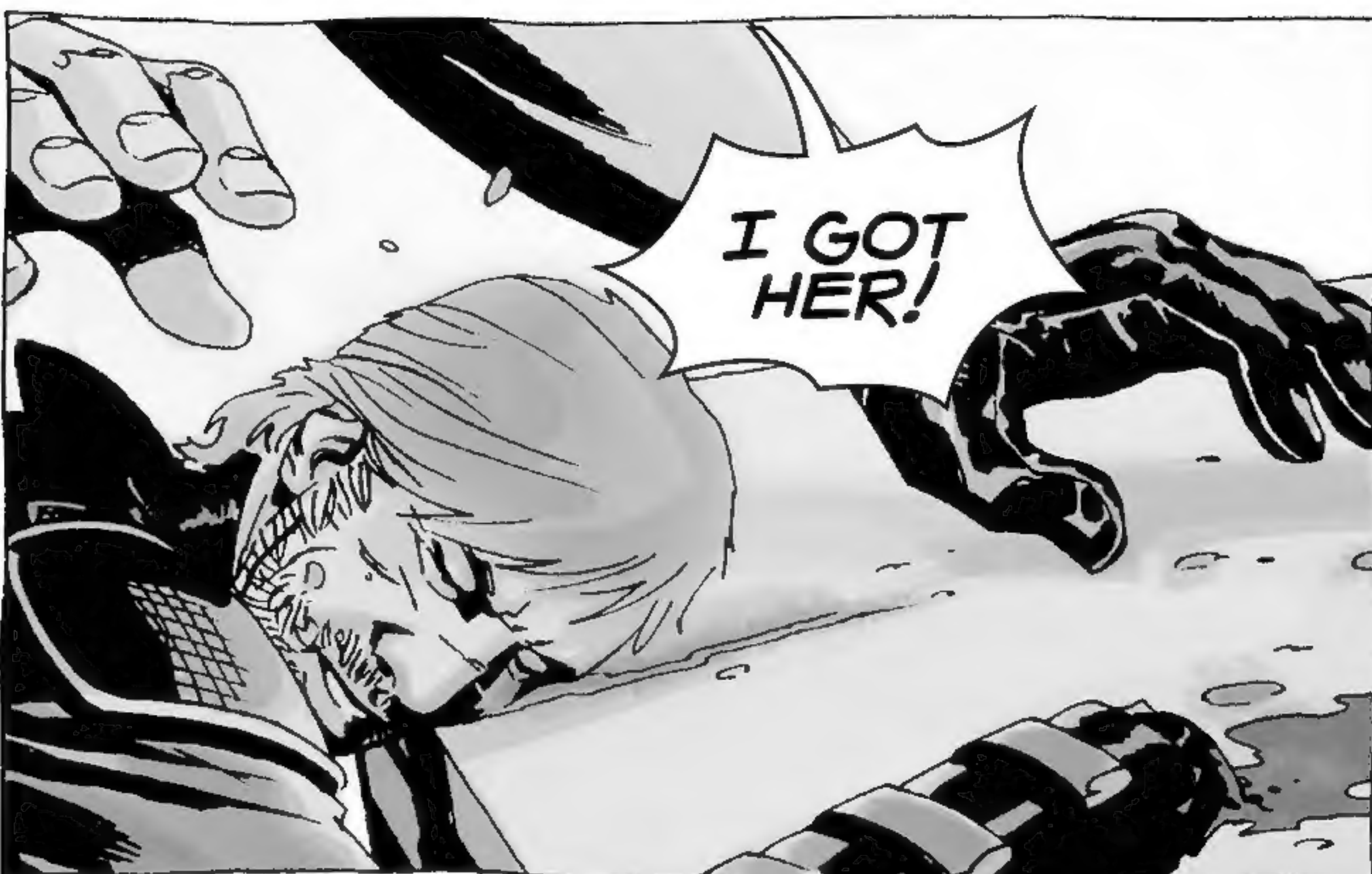
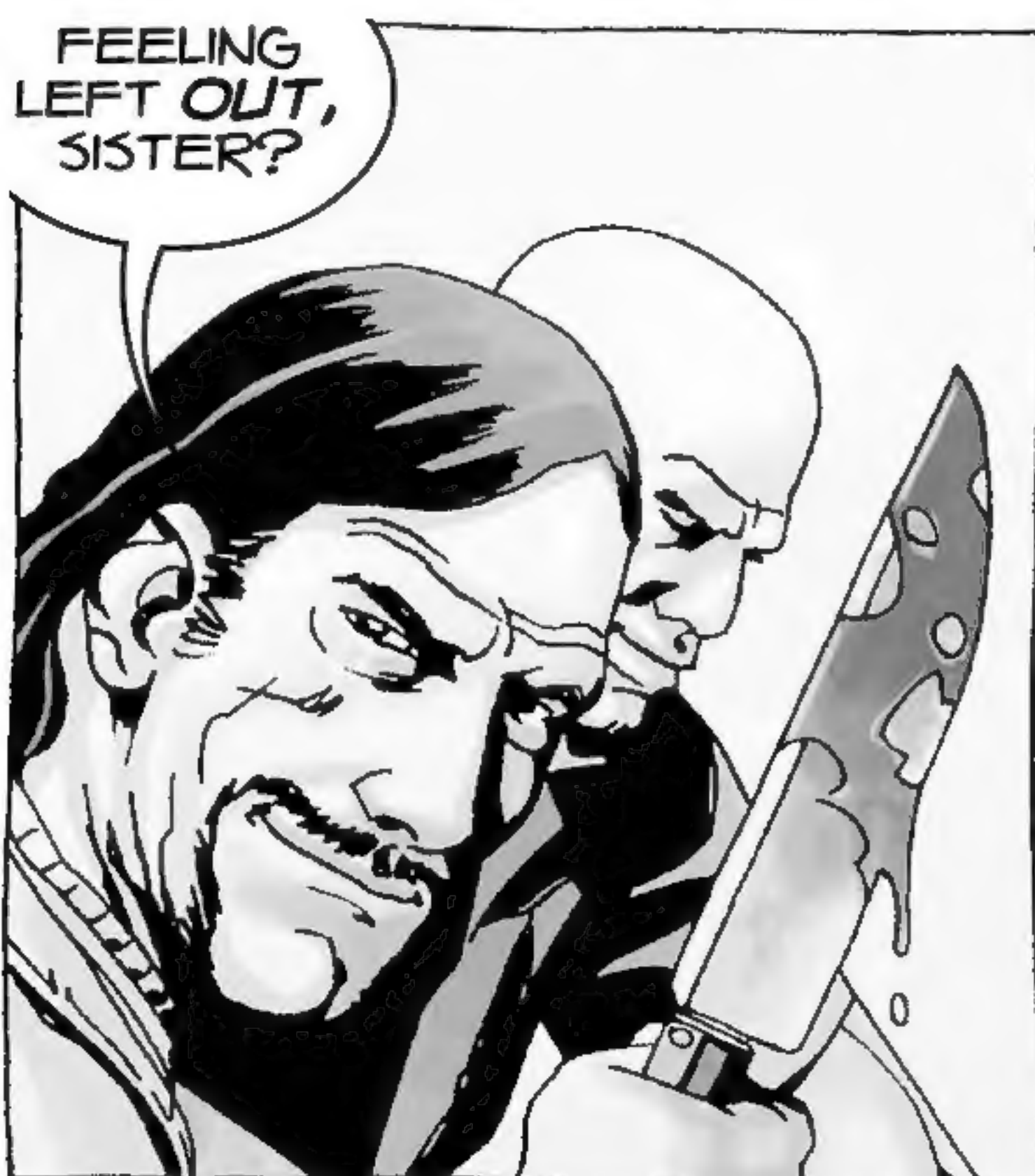
DO I
MAKE MYSELF
CLEAR?



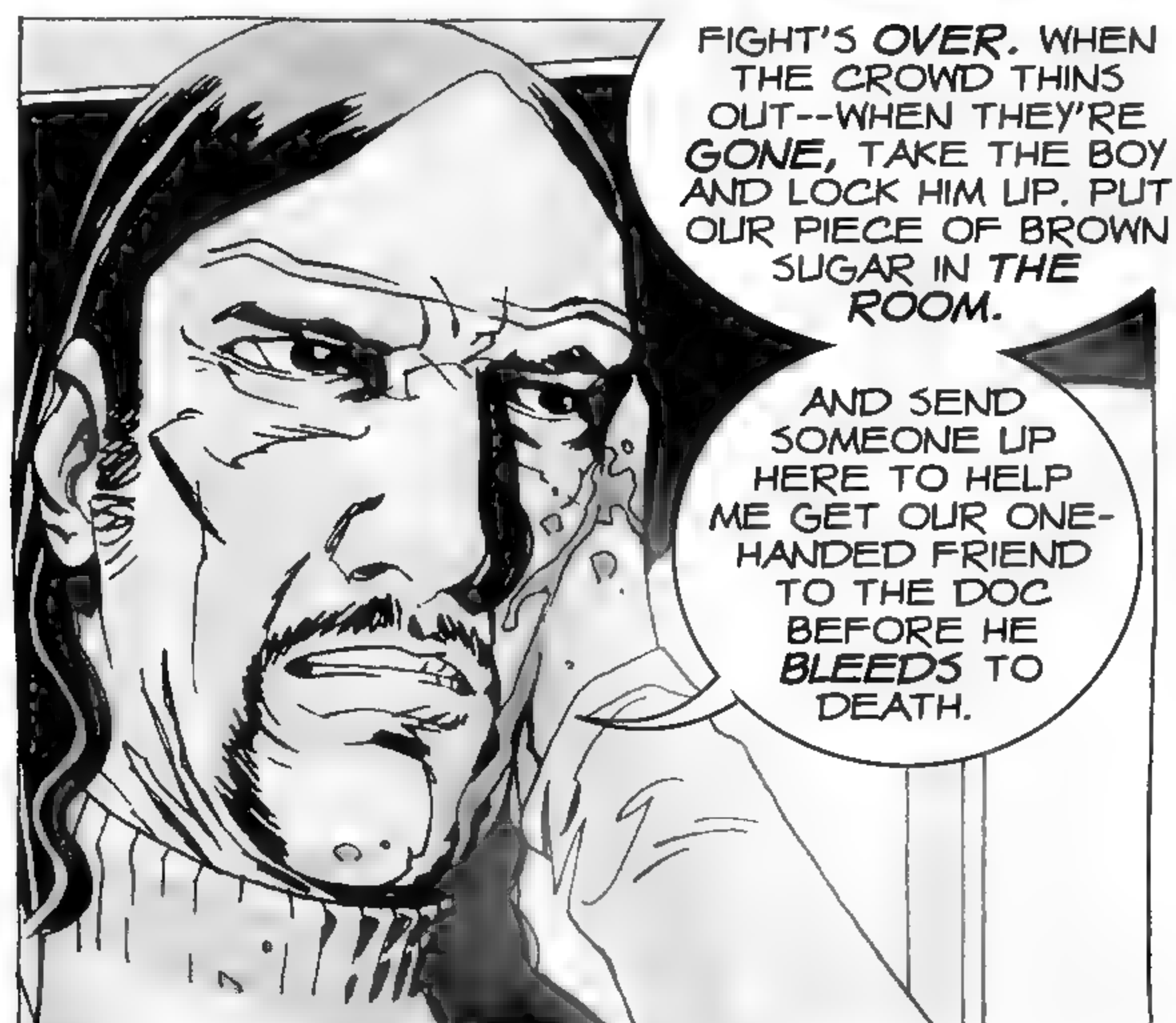
HOW
ABOUT
NOW?!

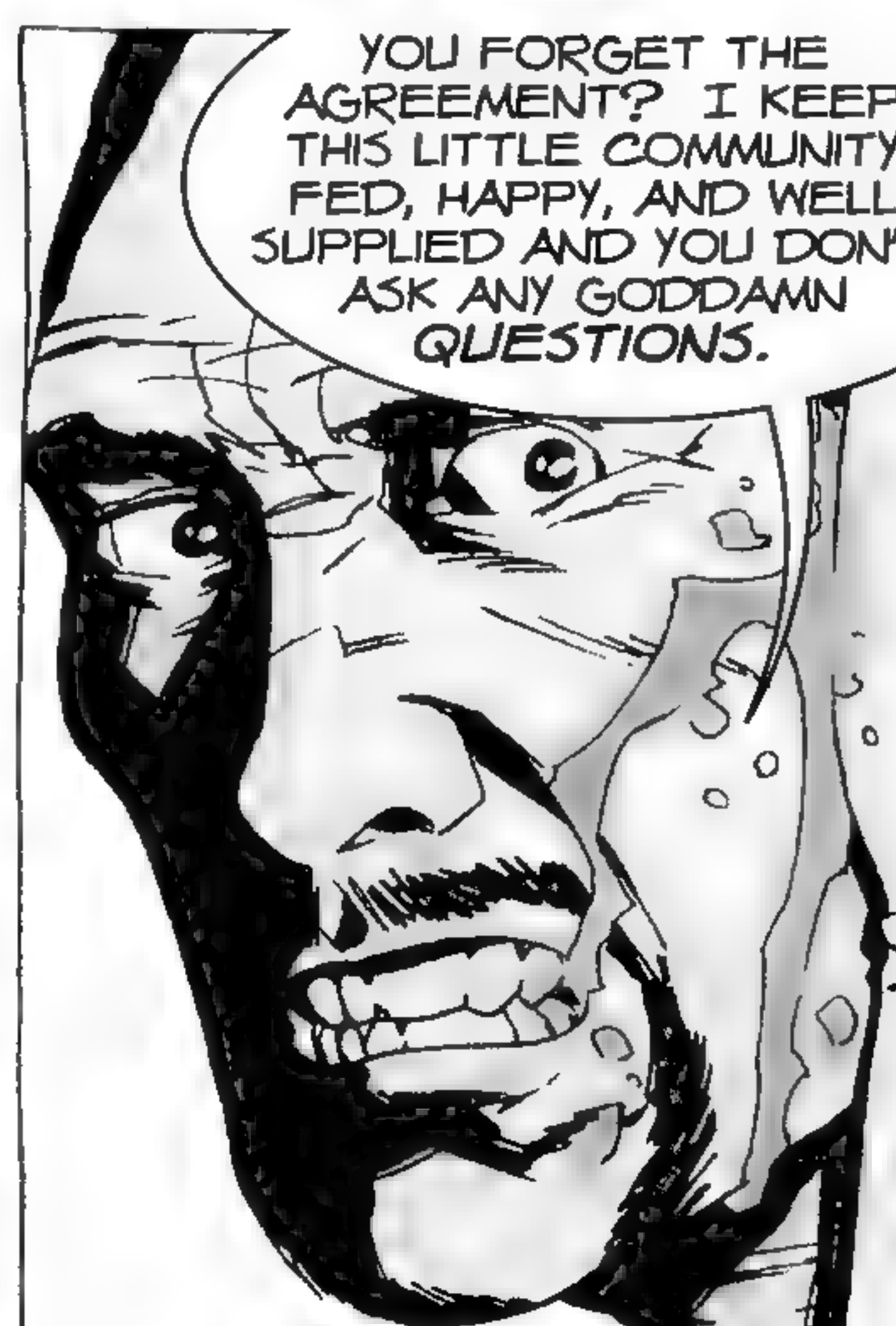
THWACK!





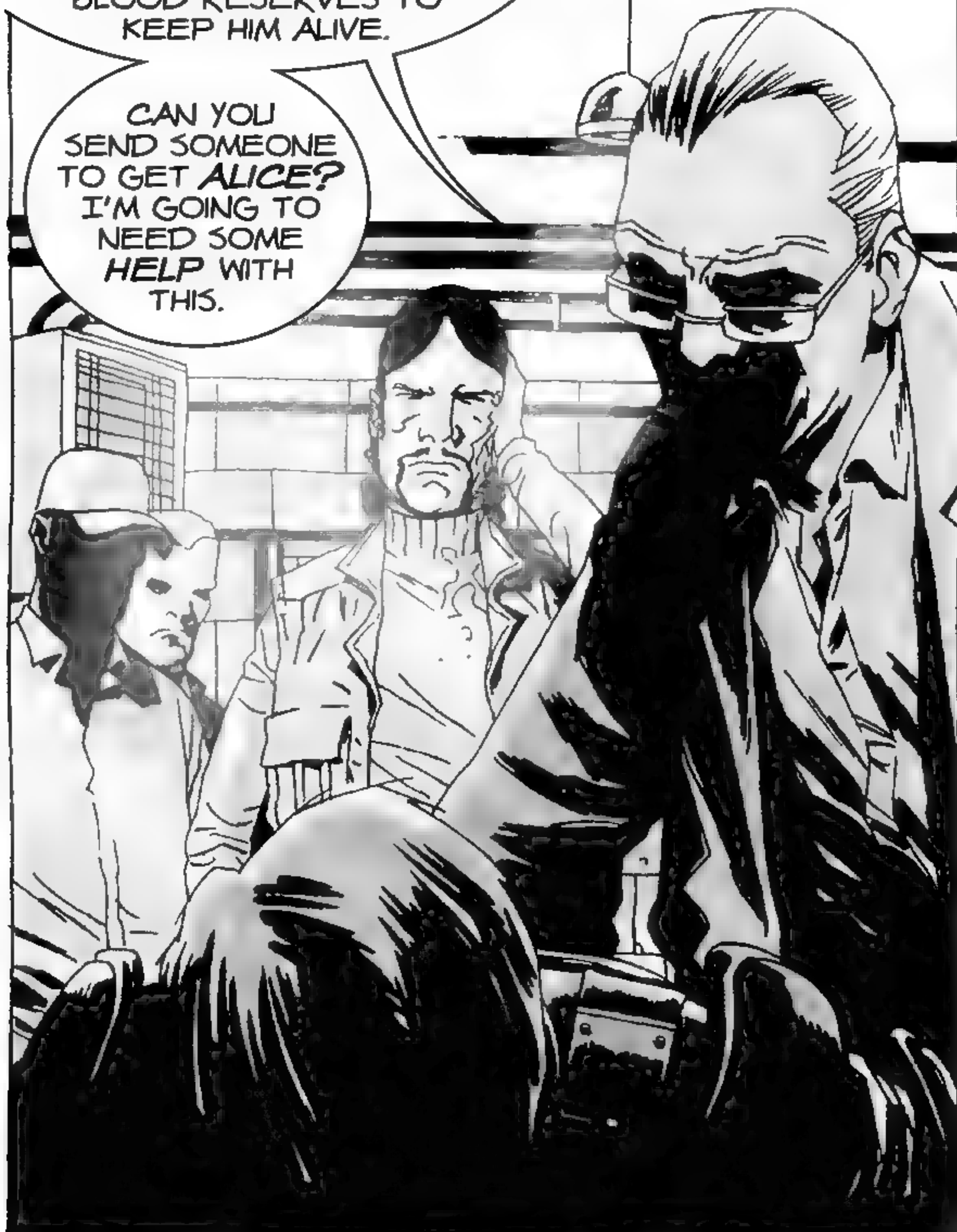






HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.
I CAN CLOSE HIS WOUND
PRETTY EASILY BUT I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO GO INTO THE
BLOOD RESERVES TO
KEEP HIM ALIVE.

CAN YOU
SEND SOMEONE
TO GET ALICE?
I'M GOING TO
NEED SOME
HELP WITH
THIS.



I'LL SEND ALICE DOWN HERE
DANCING ON A RUBBER BALL
IF YOU WANT--USE THE BLOOD,
KEEP THE GENERATOR GOING
ALL NIGHT--I DON'T GIVE A
FUCK. JUST KEEP THIS
ASSHOLE ALIVE.

HE'S GOT
SOMETHING I
WANT. I'M FAR
FROM THROUGH
WITH HIM.



WHATEVER YOU
SAY, MISTER
GOVERNOR.
YOU'RE THE
BOSS.



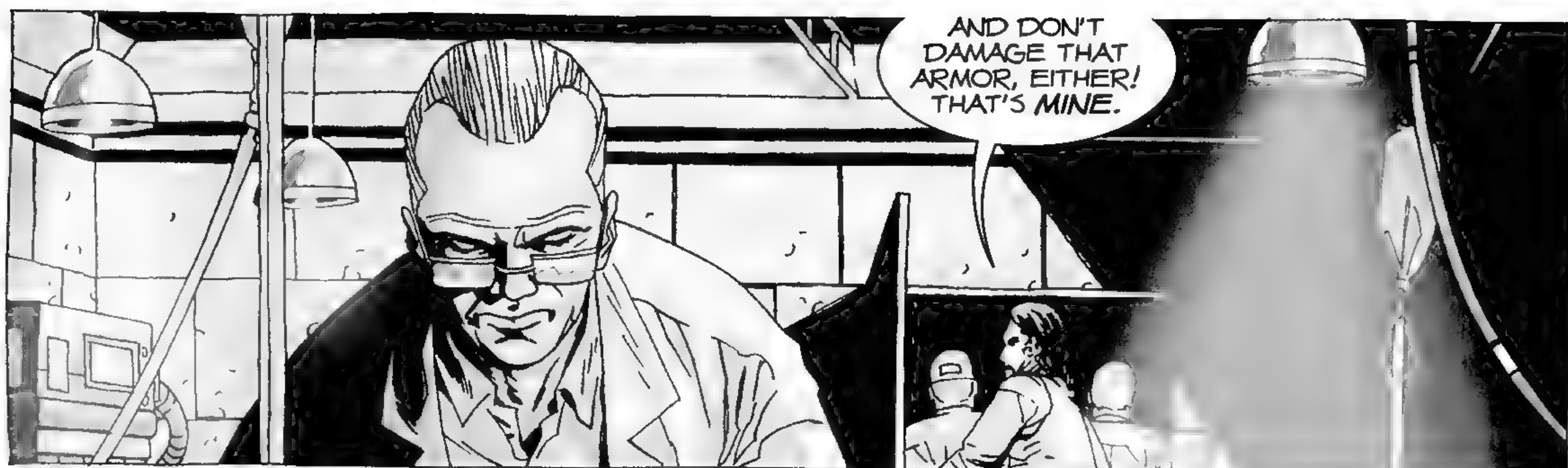
RIGHT, VERY *CUTE*,
STEVENS. AS IF
YOU'VE EVER BEEN
ANYTHING *CLOSE*
TO OBEDIENT.

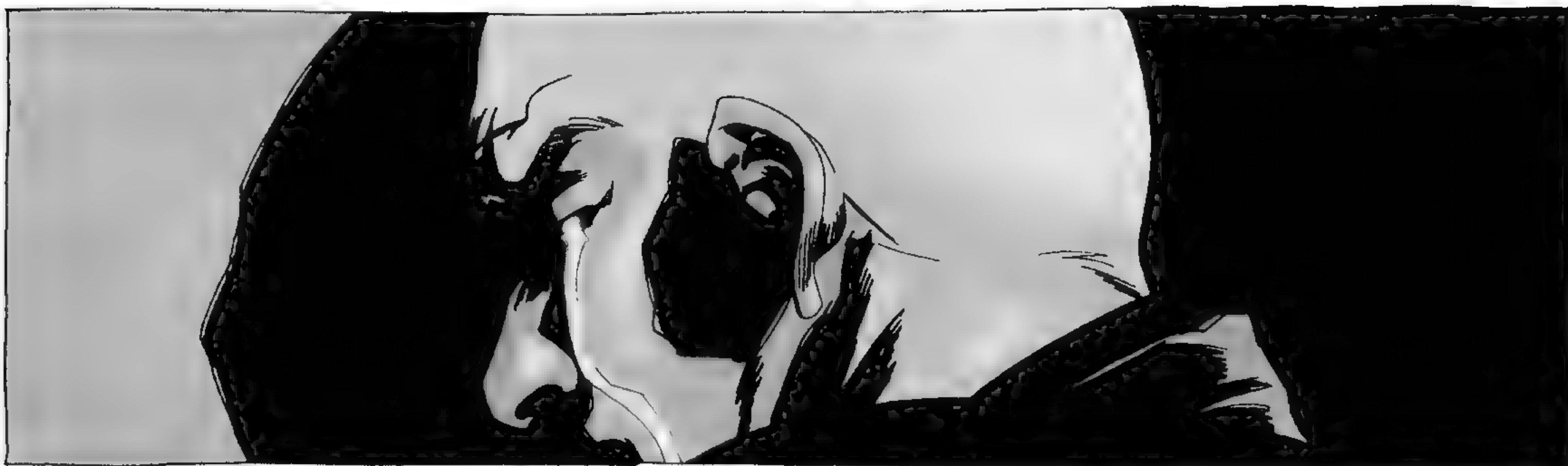
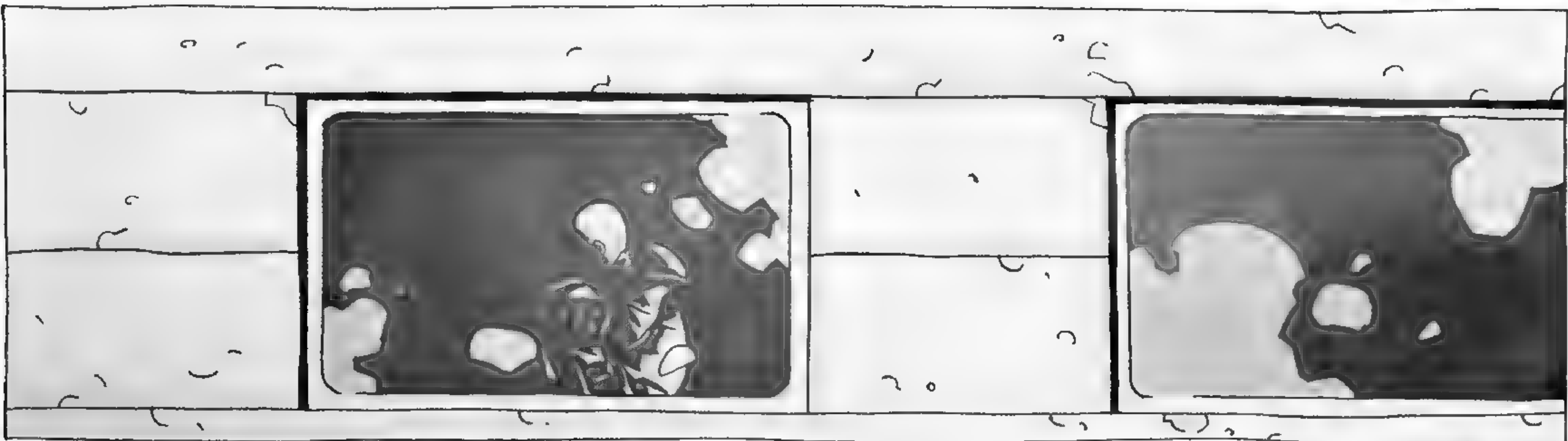
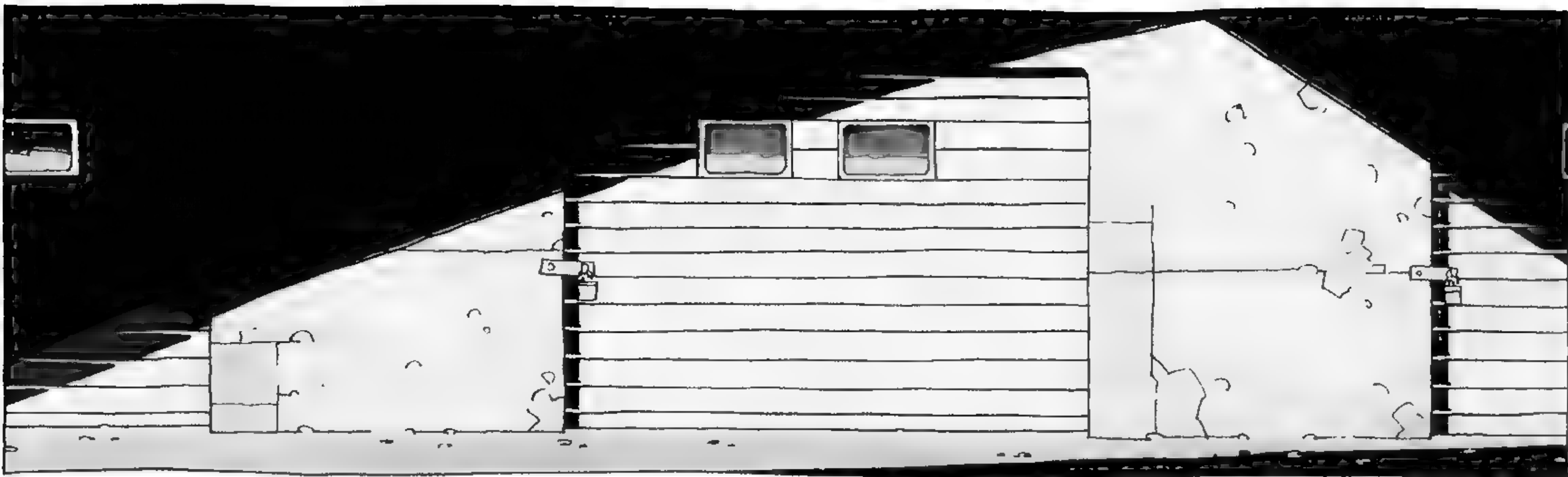
HM.



BLEEDING HAS
STOPPED. WORK ON
THIS MAN--I'LL BE BACK
IN AN HOUR OR SO AND
YOU CAN BANDAGE UP
WHAT'S LEFT OF
MY EAR.











WE CAN LEARN SO MUCH FROM THEM, Y'KNOW--JUST BY **WATCHING** THEM. THEY'VE BEEN AT IT ALL NIGHT. THEY JUST DON'T STOP--THEY'RE RESILIENT. THEY EAT UNTIL IT'S GONE AND THEN THEY'RE **CONTENT**.

I ALMOST ADMIRE THEM.

THE THING YOU HAVE TO REALIZE IS THAT THEY'RE JUST **US**--THEY'RE NO DIFFERENT. THEY **WANT** WHAT THEY **WANT**, THEY **TAKE** WHAT THEY **WANT** AND AFTER THEY **GET** WHAT THEY **WANT**--THEY'RE ONLY CONTENT FOR THE **BRIEFEST** SPAN OF TIME.

THEN THEY WANT MORE.



WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M **BUSY**?



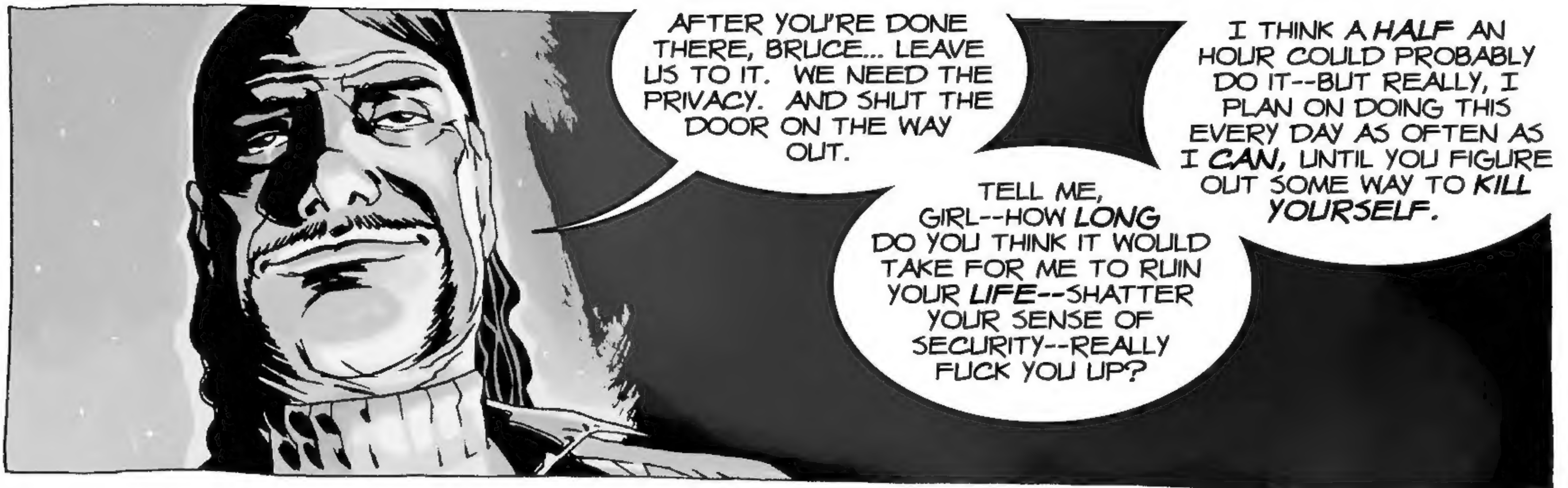
YOU WANTED ME TO COME GET YOU WHEN THE WOMAN CALMED DOWN.

SHE'S CALMED DOWN... FOR THE MOST PART.



OH--THEN WHAT ARE WE **WAITING** FOR?





AFTER YOU'RE DONE THERE, BRUCE... LEAVE US TO IT. WE NEED THE PRIVACY. AND SHUT THE DOOR ON THE WAY OUT.

I THINK A *HALF* AN HOUR COULD PROBABLY DO IT--BUT REALLY, I PLAN ON DOING THIS EVERY DAY AS OFTEN AS I *CAN*, UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO KILL *YOURSELF*.

TELL ME, GIRL--HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT WOULD TAKE FOR ME TO RUIN YOUR *LIFE*--SHATTER YOUR SENSE OF SECURITY--REALLY FUCK YOU UP?



THIS IS GOING TO BE *FUN*.







NO NAME